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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 5, 1899. NUMBER 6.

THE BOSTON CONGRESS.

A Communication from the Local Committee to the Board of Directors of the Liberal Congress, dated Boston. Sept. 20th, 1899.

To assure the success of the meeting of the Liberal Congress of Religion in Boston, the Local Committee deem it positively necessary to postpone the meeting until the last week in April, 1900.

This recommendation is made in view of several gatherings of representative religious bodies which would interfere with attendance at the Congress, especially the overshadowing interest in the International Congregational Council; the declination of important speakers because of other engagements; and the need of fuller preparation in developing interest throughout New England.

By deferring the meetings until spring it is confidently expected that we shall be able to enlist a large constituency for the Congress, and to ensure a meeting of commanding importance. To this end the members of the Committee cordially pledge their co-operation.

For the Local Committee named below:

CHARLES F. CARTER, Chairman Sub-Committee on Program. LEWIS G. JANES, Chairman.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.

SUB-COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM

DR. L. G. JANES, 168 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass., Chairman of Local Committee.
REV. C. F. CARTER, Pastor Congregational Church, Lexington, Mass., Chairman of Sub-Committee on Program.
REV. C. F. DOLE, Pastor Unitarian Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.
REV. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, Pastor Bell Street Chapel (Independent), Providence, R. I.
REV. CHARLES FLEISCHER, Rabbi Jewish Congregation, Boston.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, Cambridge, Mass.
PRES. W. D. W. HYDE, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Mass.
REV. DANIEL EVANS, Pastor Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass.
DR. G. A. GORDON, Pastor New Old South Church, Boston, Mass.
REV. C. L. NOYES, Pastor Congregational Church, Somerville, Mass.
REV. FRANK O. HALL, Pastor Universalist Church, Cambridge, Mass.
REV. G. C. LORIMER, Pastor Tremont Temple (Baptist), Boston.
REV. S. M. CROTHERS, Pastor Unitarian Church, Cambridge, Mass.
EDWIN D. MEAD, Editor New England Magazine, Boston, Mass.
REV. JOHN R. GOW (Baptist), Somerville, Mass.
PROF. N. S. SHALER, Harvard University, Mass.
REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM, Pastor Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.
REV. B. FAY MILLS, Boston, Mass.
MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY, Boston, Mass.
PROF. C. H. TOY, Harvard University, Mass.
JOHN C. HAYNES, ESQ., Boston, Mass.
THOMAS VAN NESS, 2d Church (Unitarian), Boston, Mass.
HENRY C. GRAVES, Associate Pastor Tremont Temple (Baptist) Boston.

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

A special meeting of the Board of directors, called to take action on the above recommendation, was held in the Pullman Building, Chicago, September 25, 12:30 p. m.—Messrs. H. W. Thomas, E. G. Hirsch, Joseph Stolz, Paul Carus, I. S. Moses, R. A. White and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. After discussion the above judgment of the Boston Committee was adopted and the Secretary was instructed to announce the postponement from October 9-13, 1899, to April 23-30, 1900, and to proceed on lines already established to perfect and enlarge the program already published in co-operation with the committee already announced. The Directors further voted to hold a State Congress in Chicago in November and to do what is possible in encouraging other local meetings of the kind during the winter, and the Directors further pledged their earnest co-operation with the Boston Committee and their personal attendance upon the Congress in April.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary.

OUTLINE PROGRAM OF THE BOSTON CONGRESS, APRIL 23-30, 1900.

WE WILL HEW TO THIS LINE AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE.

The discussions of the Congress will group themselves under the general theme of "The Unity of the Religious Spirit, or the Unifying Forces now Working Through the Various Forces of Education, Politics, Religion," etc. The following is a tentative outline:

Monday, April 23.

Arrival, location and informal reception of delegates.

Tuesday, April 24.

3 p. m.—Business session. Appointing committees and organization of the Congress.
7:30 p. m.—Address of welcome.
Response by the President of the Congress: "What the Congress Stands For."
Congress sermon.

Wednesday, April 25 and Following Days.

UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

I.—a—The Spiritual Significance of Science.
b—The Movement of Thought Life in This Generation.
c—The Need of Historic Continuity in Times of Transition.
II.—Intellectual Interpretations of Faith, or the Value of Doctrine.
III.—The Value of Diversity of Belief.
IV.—Humanity as a Spiritual Organism.
V.—The Fellowship of the Sects. Our Positive Affirmations. What We Care For. Ten minute discussions by representatives of different denominations.
Summarization of the foregoing in a thirty minute address: "The Underlying Basis of Religious Unity."

CHURCH ORGANIZATION

VI.—The Ideal Church the Unifier of the Community.
a—In the Country.
b—In the City.
VII—Religious Forces Outside the Church; How to Foster and Develop Them.
VIII.—Specialized Forms of Church Life.
a—The Union Church.
b—The Institutional Church.
c—The Church of the Future.
IX—Social Effort.
a—Charity Organizations.
b—Social Settlements.
c—Education.
X.—The Future of the Congress. Business.
XI.—Religion in Terms of Sociology.
a—Moral Reform.
b—Political Reform.
c—Industrial Reform.

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

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Unity Enclosures No. I.

THE EDITORIAL ON

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IN ISSUE OF AUGUST 31, 1899.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1899. NUMBER 6.

The storm centers at the great triennial Congregational Council recently held in Boston seem to have been around the arraignment of theological schools, by President Hyde of Bowdoin College and the call for the transference of the theological emphasis to sociological problems by Professor Graham Taylor of Chicago. President Hyde used plain language when he talked of "Men trained to indolent submission to professional dictation in the seminary" as being "scarcely able to keep from lying in after life if they tried." That there is something the matter with the preacher crop is quite apparent. Such discussions as Professor Hyde provoked may discover after a while what that matter is, and possibly Professor Graham Taylor has the remedy in mind.

Charles F. Dole is a maker of good books and he stands as such outside and above the circle of any denomination or church. If he keeps on folks will soon forget to call him "Reverend" and think of him as a civic power, one who works mightily for good lives, good homes, good government and a better humanity. The "Outlook," speaking of his last book, entitled "The Young Citizen," primarily prepared for schools and published by the D. C. Health Company, Boston, says: "With marvelous skill the author keeps touching upon the things that come within the life of the youngest reader. * * * It is aglow with a fine, strong love of country and of the things for which the country should stand."

Dr. Votaw, instructor in New Testament literature in the University of Chicago, has recently been outdoing UNITY in his arraignment of the so-called "religious instruction of the young." He claims that the advancement made in the so-called secular schools has not yet reached the Sunday-school; that the ordinary religious instruction given is "of a trifling and amateurish nature;" that there has been an unwillingness "to keep the level of religious instruction up to the level of historical, philosophical and ethical research." He talks about "antiquated methods" and "waning influence." He holds these methods responsible for "a mass of young men and women who regard religion as something for the childhood of the race only." The Chicago "Tribune" well says: "If a layman were to talk after this fashion he would probably be told that he was talking about that which he does not know."

Rev. C. F. Carter, chairman of the program committee of the Boston Congress, in a recent article to the "Congregationalist" on Professor Hadley, the new president of Yale, speaking of the innovation of appointing a non-clerical president, says: "The religious influence in Yale proceeding from him will be quite as strong as it has been in the past, even though it comes from him without ecclesiastical accrediting." He further says in this article that "Yale's opportunity is to mediate between the older idea that made so much of the subjective development and the newer idea that looks to practical efficiency through specialization." To sum it up in our own words, this article confirms the general expectation that in the appointment of President Hadley we see an old institution bringing itself down to date, an historic stream widening as it goes, dogmatic congregationalism in religion giving way to ethical congregationalism. The church, in breaking the hard and fast lines that bound it, does not lose its strength, but diffuses it.

The challenge of Samuel M. Jones, mayor of Toledo and independent candidate for the governorship of Ohio, to his rivals in the gubernatorial race, is an interesting one. He asks both the Republican and the Democrat candidates to discuss with him these two propositions:

1. Resolved, That we have no need of political parties to carry on the work of the state, counties or municipalities in Ohio.

2. Resolved, That political party organizations are a menace to liberty and a hindrance to the freedom of the people.

The wording is perhaps too sweeping to do justice to the position of Mayor Jones. State, county and municipal interests will inevitably raise issues that will organize parties along their own lines. This, to our mind, is wholesome and legitimate, but the mischief begins when these local interests are ignored in the interests of national issues which have but little bearing upon the business administrations of state, county and municipality. There is no more pernicious force at work in American life to-day than that which, arousing enthusiasm on national party lines, seeks to carry these party distinctions into the minutest ramifications of city ward, road district and school district. In the presence of the grave issues of to-day we cannot but look with regret at the diversion of the best energies of our young men into partisan channels. The true citizen should ever seek judicial poise and his sympathies at least should be wide enough to love and admire whatever is excellent and noble within the boundaries of his own country, whether they belong to his own party or not.

No one will suspect Joseph H. Crooker, the tireless missionary of the Unitarian body, as wanting in loyalty to that name or to the organizations that bear it. All the more forcible, then, are the words in his sermon, widely published, on "The Leaven and the Bread of Life." He says:

Unitarians have had a "glorious gospel" applicable to life; but as a body, we have not made sufficient use of it. We have lacked the gift of enthusiasm and the genius of organization. No other church ever had better tools of life, but none has grown more slowly or produced less in proportion to the value of its teachings or the ability of its disciples. We have not been overloaded with antiquated and non-applicable dogmas, but we have failed to give a popular and wide sweeping application of the truth that we have held in hand. The fruitage in personal character has been most excellent. But we have shown no skill in broad-casting our seeds of life or producing a large harvest of tangible fruitage. We have gloried in our possessions, but we have not widely propagated our ideals. We have had a message, but we have been poor missionaries.

* * * Even a glance at our conference programs, local and national, reveals the source of our weakness. Instead of facing the practical problems of religious nurture and church extension, we have spent too much time in discussing the origin and permanence of religion. Instead of proclaiming God, we have too often debated the probabilities of his existence.

Mr. Crooker further says, "That one of the greatest discoveries of this age is the discovery that nine-tenths of what once passed under the name of religion has no life value; it cannot now be applied, but the golden rule can be applied a thousand times a day. We cannot go far on our journey of life without an opportunity to be a Good Samaritan. The spirit of Jesus is applicable." These are the things that are not peculiar to orthodox or heterodox; they belong to Unitarian and Trinitarian, and the problem is: The world needs and the world awaits a church that will represent these things, and one of the fundamental questions for religious organizations of every name to consider to-day is how far the church which makes these things fundamental can carry schismatic names born out of the controversies of Protestantism, without limiting its scope and weakening its message.

Our cotemporary, the "Christian Register" of Boston, in an editorial comment in its issue of September 21, with characteristic severity reduces the Liberal Congress of Religion to its minimum. The congress willingly pleads guilty to the soft impeachment; indeed, its consciousness of strength lies in its weakness and its hope for usefulness lies in its lack of "dignity," but in the interest of truth we desire to set our neighbor right in some particulars. The readers of the "Register" are told that "At each meeting of the congress some change has been made in its name or constitution," while the truth is the congress has held five sessions and has made one change in name and not one in its constitution. It further says that "The only churches represented in Omaha were those of the president, the secretary and one Universalist minister," while, as a matter of fact, twelve different religious societies, including one Episcopal church, three Jewish societies, three Unitarian societies, three Independent societies and two Universalist societies, made themselves members of the congress. Annual and life members have the rights of the floor in the congress, and at Omaha, as elsewhere, many of the most active participants in the business as well as in the discussions of the congress were those who represented no particular church organization; hence it was very much wide of the mark to say that the "congress was in the hands" of any society's delegates. Presuming to speak for the Unitarians, the "Register" says: "Our National Conference cannot with dignity join an organization of three churches unless other denominations move in the same direction." "Dignity" is a very uncertain and intangible quantity. We certainly do not know what becomes the dignity of a religious organization. Is it to be careful not to get ahead of the line? But even on the most outward standard of dignity a congress that has received official recognition at the hands of and at one time or another welcomed fraternal delegates from the Free Religious Association of America, the Association of American Spiritualists, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the Unitarian Association of Iowa, the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference, the American Council of Jewish Women, the American Federation of Women's Clubs and many other organizations in a less formal way, might not find itself very much humbled by its action, if it too officially expressed its sympathy with the ideas of the congress. And in this particular case the organization might not find itself much more solitary than is its habitual condition, for if numbers make for dignity and bigness makes for strength the National Unitarian Conference has never had very much to boast of; still less had Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, all the great religions of the world at one time in their career. The associations of Moses, Buddha, Socrates and Jesus, if we read history aright, were rather lacking in "dignity." Our exchanges have often before shown much more acquaintance with the purposes and plans of the congress than its officers or its official exponents do. But this, again, is as it might be expected.

George Dewey Holds.

Every thoughtful American and wise Republican must have anxiously waited the outcome of the monster welcome to the American admiral. There was great danger that he who was equal to the test of Manila Bay might sink before the greater test of New York harbor. The tests of war are severe, but the tests of peace are more severe. History proves that it is oftentimes easier to stand nobly in the front of the enemy than to stand wisely in the face of one's friends. The great wars have sometimes been won by men who, when measured by the severer standards of peace, turn out to be small men.

George Dewey has stood the test of republicanism. He has maintained the dignity that becomes a democrat. He did not disgrace the beautiful simplicity of his Puritan ancestry and of his Vermont home. 'Mid the glare of red lights, the blare of trumpets and the roar of cannon he has remembered that the glory belonged not to him, but to his. In the supreme moment of his strain, when his eyes were blinded with tears and his voice silenced by emotion, his hands reached out for his associates in office, and he said, "These are the men." When arrangements for the great parade were being discussed, he said, "What provision has been made for my men," and the New York harbor was too

narrow and the privileges of the city of New York too meager for George Dewey when they did not provide for the entrance and the recognition of his faithful Chinese servants. And it will be remembered to the honor of George Dewey that the man who sunk the Spanish fleet had a place for and a need of the fellowship of "Bob," his dog.

Dewey has proven himself great enough to keep his mouth shut when it is not time to speak, not to try to do what he probably could not achieve, i. e., to make a speech.

Perhaps it was well that New York should in three days burn up and blow off a million dollars. These noisy appeals to the ear and brilliant ministers to the eye have an educative power upon the human mind that we cannot estimate. Perhaps they have a more important place in the education of the world than we can understand. We have no disposition to criticise at the present time. New York did it well. It is an event that will be forgotten, a triumph the story of which will not last long, but the modesty, nay, more, the honesty and justice, that compelled George Dewey to realize what the boisterous crowd would be glad to forget—that he was not the sole, perhaps not the chief factor in the "success" of the Sunday morning battle that sunk the Spanish fleet and captured Cavite. That event proved the inefficiency and degeneracy of the Spanish navy as much as it did the efficiency, discipline and scientific efficacy of the American fleet.

George Dewey was brave on the bridge of the Olympia that Sunday morning; he was braver in its cabin the other day when he spoke candid words of appreciation of Aguinaldo, whose friendship he said he had enjoyed and still held. And when he said that the Filipinos, if not now, soon will be capable of self-government, and that they to-day were more competent than the Cubans, to whom free government is pledged by the United States. Dewey, in his wisdom, said no more. Let no man be arrogant enough to speak for him. But the logic of his position would seem to be—the United States cannot take a position toward the Filipinos less generous and just than that which they have already assumed toward the Cubans.

When the captains with their guns have had their day and the heroism of the battlefield and of the naval ship will have become things of the past and their importance minimized by the nobler triumphs of love and intelligence, the story of the triumph of George Dewey in New York harbor may outshine the glory he won at Manila. Of him it will be said to his everlasting glory—he was undaunted by his foes, uncorrupted by and incorruptible with his friends.

The Missionary Religions.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY DR. L. G. JANES AT GREENACRE, AS REPORTED IN THE "*Boston Transcript*":

There are three great missionary religions which have arrived at a supremacy transcending national and racial boundaries—Buddhism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. Before the Christian era Buddhism had sent its missionaries into remote parts of Asia and even into the confines of Europe, and the results of its missionary zeal are seen in the fact that it is to-day professed by a larger number of people than any other of the world's religions. The spread of Mohammedanism has been hardly less remarkable; nor can it be doubted that most of the people who have been brought under its influence have been raised to a higher stage of morality and civilization. The third gospel reports that the disciples of Christ were commanded to "go into all the world, and preach the good tidings to every creature." Whatever we may think of some of the motives and accompaniments of this propaganda, its effects have been marvelous, and merit the closest attention of the sociologist and ethical teacher.

Whatever its defects, the missionary movement is a most remarkable illustration of a world-wide ethical and altruistic spirit. In its purest form, where its results have been most radical, beneficent and permanent, it has been mainly free from personal self-seeking and from the craze for national aggrandizement. Its foremost disciples have been noble examples of unselfish devotion and self-sacrifice. For small compensation they have left country, friends, all that makes life seem worth living to most of us, and imperiled health, safety, even life itself, in the performance of a sacred duty. It is the boast of Buddhism that it has never been propagated by the sword; that no blood has ever been spilled in extending its spiritual dominion. Though the example of Jesus and Paul, as well as the precept of early Christian tradition, also forbid any propagation of Christianity by violent or forceful methods, it cannot be said that Christian propagandists have always been true to these high spiritual ideals.

It must be said, however, that the missionary has often stood between the uncivilized or half-civilized people of distant lands and that ruthless and heartless commercialism which would despoil them of lands and goods in the interest of a selfish greed for gain. Rum, opium and the vices of civilization have been the most potent enemies of the missionary enterprise, and the action of great Christian nations has often sadly belied the professions of their religious teachers. We need go no farther than our new possessions, the Hawaiian Islands, for pathetic testimony to this fact. On the other hand, the theological basis of missionary effort has often been so narrow and unsympathetic that it has naturally repelled those whom it aimed to uplift and instruct. Assuming the absolute inerrancy of Christian doctrine and the "scheme of salvation," and the falsity of all other religions, the aim of the missionary has been to "save" men from punishment in a future life rather than to build here and now the foundations of a higher civilization and a nobler personal character. There has been little effort to prepare the missionary for his work by a sympathetic study of the social and religious conditions of the people to whom he is to minister. It has been assumed that all these condition are evil and wrong, to be rooted out and supplanted by something entirely different. Yet some of the more intelligent missionaries have profited by their experiences and been led to a sympathetic study of other faiths, to the great advantage of the world and of their work. The measure of success which the missionary has already attained has

been due to the fact that his relations to the convert have been direct, sympathetic and personal. He has been a physician to the body as well as to the soul, and has brought a new gospel of health into many regions where it was sorely needed. The success of the missionary enterprise has been proportionate to the actual measure of personal sympathy and direct personal relationship, which it has brought into the work.

Whenever wholesale or compulsory methods have been adopted, through alliance with force and governmental coercion, the true relation of the teacher to the people has been broken down and destroyed. The alliance of Christianity with the secular power has always compromised that ethical and spiritual quality which is the vital power in every religion.

The secularization of Christianity when it ascended the throne of the Cæsars was also to a great extent its paganization. Jesus of Nazareth was not a state ecclesiastic, in alliance with the secular authority, but a prophet, speaking his individual message straight to the minds and consciences of his hearers. The true missionary is always the prophet, the exhorter to righteousness, never the state-supported ecclesiastic. It is the personal force, the personal character, the unselfish spiritual life of the teacher which tells. By conquest and military domination no people was ever raised to a capacity for self-government; by the rack, thumb-screw and prison, no man was ever induced to render a true allegiance to the God of his tormentors. The true missionary believes in the inherent omnipotence of truth. Truth is mighty, though unweaponed; it will prevail, though it dwell to-day in but a single consecrated soul, pitted against a world in arms.

"Where Brook and River Meet."

Just sixteen times the circle round
Time's flying feet have sped;
And Womanhood, with losing ground,
Before him fast has fled.

To-day the sun on Gibeon
Stands in his splendor, still;
And all the Vale of Ajalon
The tender moonbeams fill.

For Time is kind. Take one last look,
Thou captive from this hour,
On all the gay, glad yesterdays—
Fair Childhood's precious dower.

Drink once again from the clear brook
That ripples at thy feet;
The river yonder, will—God knows!—
Give ne'er a draft so sweet.

Gaze on the image mirrored there—
Smile on those smiling eyes—
In some far night, their smile may shine
Between thy prison bars.

—HELEN HAWTHORNE.

No man can ever go forward to a higher belief until he is true to the faith which he already holds. Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you to be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, as you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now, so only can you think the curtain will draw back and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Correspondence.

From a Prominent Pastor of an Orthodox Church in Chicago.

To the Editor of UNITY:—No better service to true religion has UNITY ever rendered, or is likely to render, than its possible effort to replace the medieval curriculum of the typical Sunday-school with modern ideas and methods. This is now the great stronghold of traditionalism. With its access to the entire youth of a generation, during their most impressionable years, it should be the training school of a race aflame with consciousness of personal relationships to the living God. Instead, it produces either a lazy assent to childish and outgrown conceptions, or else a disgusted revolt from the whole puerile system. My heart bleeds for a childhood robbed of its rightful heritage in the precious, vital realities of the spirit. I sincerely believe that all the heretics, infidels, freethinkers and unbelievers combined, with all their works, are not so responsible for loss of faith as are the pitifully superficial and devitalized teachings of the Sunday-school as an institution.

If you can do anything toward reform here, for God's sake and for man's sake do it. Here lies the despair of those who realize the tremendous meanings of this transition period. The international course of study and the traditionary system of interpretation are defended by a vast array of vested interests. The self-complacency of ignorance makes change difficult. Even when the pulpit is awake to the great possibilities at hand, incompetence in the teacher's chair and the gibbering ghost of orthodoxy in the pew, together effectually screen the benches from its light. I hope, therefore, that the way may be opened for UNITY's campaign of information, both in matter and methods. The chief difficulty will be the lack of a body of teachers capable of using what is there supplied. Personally, I should be glad to study with you that most interesting and significant period between the Testaments.

Success to the Congress of religions.

Sincerely, * *

Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale.

President Hadley's conspicuous distinction is intellectual power. The apochryphal story connected with his natal day, when his father leaned over the newly-born with a welcome in Greek and straightway received in the same language a response implying a slight correction of the father's usage, one need not believe in order to find some point in it. Certainly it is not without significance that the babe was the son of Prof. James Hadley, who was reputed to have spoiled the greatest mathematician of his day to make its most distinguished Greek scholar. Early anticipations were justified in the collegiate career of the boy who became the valedictorian of the class of 1876, not by laborious "digging," for the weakness of his eyesight forbade protracted hours, but by the ease of his power to assimilate.

The primary element in the constitution of his mind is marvelous acquisitiveness. Without question he is a prodigy of learning. It was this resource he called into requisition in addressing himself to the problem of railway transportation. By his work upon that subject at the age of twenty-nine he had demonstrated the value of pure scholarship in practical affairs, being an acknowledged authority among railroad men. In 1885, being appointed labor commissioner of Connecticut, the same facile grasp of facts and mastery of details was shown, together with a power of reasoning

from these facts to important conclusions. Not only along the line of chosen specialties does this trait appear, for whatever once engages his interest seems to leave its indelible impression in a detailed and technical way. His range of knowledge is constantly surprising. Gen. Francis A. Walker once invited Mr. Hadley to a meeting of the Massachusetts Military Society, where General Devens and other officers of note were present. On the previous evening a lecture on Napoleon had been delivered, and the after-dinner conversation turned to the battle of Waterloo. General Devens referred to a singular evolution said to have been performed there, and then remarked that he had been unable to see from the topography of the ground how it was possible. Other military men expressed themselves in a similar vein. At length Mr. Hadley, then a young professor at Yale, remarked that he had been perplexed over the same point, but having been on the field of Waterloo that summer he had examined the situation and found that such a movement was possible. Then he took some bread from the table, and, molding it to show the contour of the field, he demonstrated the manner of such a movement to the satisfaction of the military gentlemen present.—*From the Congregationalist, by Rev. C. F. Carter.*

From Different Standpoints.

Rev. A. G. Jennings, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Toledo, Ohio, like so many other ministers, noted the death of Colonel Ingersoll in his pulpit. The sermon was printed and the Toledo "Commercial" publishes the two following letters, which are very instructive, both letters speaking from the heart, representing real emotions and sincere opinions. It is easy to discuss the question "Which is right" on the theory that one must be wrong if the other is right. The more difficult and higher task is to discover the truth in both letters and to recognize the harmony that lies beneath. The writer of the first letter is a sister of Mrs. Ingersoll. The second writer introduces himself:

"Walston, Dobbs Ferry on Hudson.

"Rev. A. G. Jennings:

"My Dear Sir—My sister, Mrs. Ingersoll, who is still prostrated with grief, has asked me to thank you most sincerely for your very brave and eloquent sermon on her husband. It was manly, just, most beautifully expressed and filled with the keenest appreciation and understanding of Colonel Ingersoll. With assurances of gratitude from the entire family, I am "Very Sincerely Yours,

"Sue M. Farrell.

"September twenty-second."

"My Dear Sir:—If the inclosed clipping fairly represents your remarks, I think it is a shame to extol Ingersoll as you do. The man who could parody 'What must I do to be saved' is worthy of opprobrium, not of compliments. He filled up his sins, was taken away in a moment and went to his own place. Being an agnostic, he was necessarily a doubter, as must be evident, although you say he was not.

"But if you reject the atonement of the Lord Jesus or His vicarious offering as Unitarians do, I do not wonder at your defending Ingersoll. Yours faithfully,

"William Gribbon.

Brooklyn, N. Y."

More dear, as years on years advance,
We prize the old inheritance,
And feel, as far and wide we roam,
That all we seek we leave at home.
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.—*Swift.*

Good Poetry.

Her Explanation.

So you have wondered at me,— guessed in vain
What the real woman is you know so well?
I am a lost illusion. Some strange spell
Once made your friend there, with his fine disdain
Of fact, conceive me perfect. He would fain
(But could not) see me always, as befell
His dream to see me, plucking asphodel,
In saffron robes, on some celestial plain.
All that I was he marred and flung away
In quest of what I was not, could not be,—
Lilith, or Helen, or Antigone.
Still he may search; but I have had my day,
And now the Past is all the part for me
That this world's empty stage has left to play.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

Within and Without.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down:
The water brims the creek, and falls;
A cottage, weather-stained and brown,
Sits at the brink its time-worn walls.

Beneath the lowly window-sill
A little bank of blossoms gay
The wandering airs with fragrance fill,
Sweeten the night and charm the day.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down:
From the low window's humble square
A woman in a faded gown,
With care-dimmed eyes and tangled hair,

Looks out across the smiling space
Where golden stars and suns unfold;
Blue larkspur, the pied pansy's face
Nasturtium bells of scarlet bold,—

She sees them not, nor cares, nor knows.
A man's rough figure, noon and night
And morning, o'er the threshold goes,—
No sense has he for their delight.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down:
In that dull house a little maid
Lives lonely, under Fortune's frown,
A life unchildlike and afraid.

To her that tiny garden plot
Means heaven. She comes at eve to stand
'Mid mallow and forget-me-not
And marigolds on either hand.

They look at her with brilliant eyes,
Their scent is greeting and caress;
They spread their rich and glowing dyes
Her saddened soul to cheer and bless.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down:
Within, how base the life, and poor!
Without, what wealth and beauty crown
The humble flowers beside the door!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Literary Notes.

And now it is Norman Hapgood who is to try his hand on "The Life of Lincoln."

C. A. Hutton is soon to publish an illustrated monograph on Greek terra cotta statuettes, through the Macmillan house. How old is the manipulation of clay? How fresh are its resources and inspiration? The dust of the earth is great stuff. No wonder that the early legends teach that God made man out of it.

The Macmillan house announces a "History of England for High Schools," by Professors Katherine Cowan and Elizabeth Kendall. While women are doing so much of the teaching it is time that they should try their hand in text-book making. For some reason or other the majority of the text-books are still the products of men, who represent the hopeless minority in the teaching fraternity.

The Pulpit.

The Outside Work of the Church.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, October 1, 1899.

THE ANNUAL MISSIONARY SERMON.

Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone.
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own.
—Whittier.

The story of civilization is but the story of expanding brotherhood. "Co-operation" was the word of religion long before it became first the dreaded word and then the shibboleth of the industrial world. The three words, "Liberty," "Equality" and "Fraternity," the high words of that great air-clearing and purifying political storm called the French Revolution, might well be condensed into the one last word, "Fraternity," for the study of history goes to prove that there can be no liberty or equality except as they are found in and vouchsafed for by fraternity. The man whose motto in life is "Look out for number one" is a barbarian, whether he be clothed with a breech-clout in the interior of Africa, or tricked off in broadcloth and fine linen in a Chicago club room. And the woman whose superlative anxiety is for herself, and what she calls "her own," her "own mind," her "own soul" or her "own children" in her "own home," is fit companion to this barbarian, whether she dwell in a wigwam or in a brown stone front on the avenue. The human soul, on its way to its power and its nobility, has passed through the successive stages of the solitary, the family, the tribe, the clan, the state, the world consciousness. In other words, man has aspired to be the home tyrant, the clan chieftain, the partisan leader, the patriot who set his own country over against the world and at last the cosmopolitan, the citizen of the world, to whom "nothing human is foreign," who is at home in all lands, whose country is the world and whose fellow citizens are all created things reaching from monad to martyr, he who has a sense of companionship that reaches from the bird in the bush to the Christ on the cross.

If we study in a more narrow and specific way the realm we call religious we will find that the same key will unlock its mystery and reveal the secret of its power and growth. Worship has passed, as every student knows, through the successive stages of craven fear, abject petition and humiliations, to manly anxieties for the well-being of others, a glad rejoicing in the common life that makes for freedom. The medicine man differs from the prophet in many ways, but the most characteristic difference is found in the breadth of his sympathies and the scope of his interests.

From the conjurer who seeks to drive away the devil forces that threaten him, by his incantations, to the man who walks to the gallows with unfaltering step for the sake of others, who cheerfully lays down his life on the altar of human liberty, who dies to make men free, is a long road, but it is the love road all the way, the road of widening sympathies, of increasing concern for others. What began in selfishness ends in disinterestedness. Here as elsewhere egoism ripens into altruism. The religions of the world are measured by their expanding sympathies, their widening alliances. The masterful names in the story of religion are the names of the great lovers of man—Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Buddha and Jesus.

The spiral of religious emotions seems to be first an anxiety to escape present terrors, then the fear of a far-off hell beyond the grave; lastly, a consciousness of the hell on this side and a desire to lift men and women out of it, or, better still, to extinguish the flames themselves to change hell into heaven.

"The soul is lost that's saved alone."

Our poet had in mind the grim Calvinism that doomed a large portion of the human race to everlasting torment after death, and the more grim Christianity that made it a selfish scramble of the individual out of a selfish hell into a more selfish heaven. That kind of Calvinism is almost dead. It is practically out of the way. There still are many people who believe they believe this unbelievable indignity to man and to God, but the belief in an everlasting hell, measuring out infinite terrors to finite sinners on the strength of a metaphysical syllogism, has practically ceased to be a motive in the lives of men and women. It remains only as the reiteration of a dead language in a Sunday ritual, the meaning of which is lost; the return of the familiar sound remains, or it remains only as the lurid rhetoric of the summer camp meeting and the winter revival.

But there still remains this doctrine in its most crippling and blighting form, the practical effort on the part of men and women to enjoy religious felicity and immunity apart from the wicked ways and coarse contact of the world. The ascetic of the East sought serenity of mind and peace of soul by fleeing the world altogether. He courted the solitude of the wilderness, the seclusion of the cave, the safety of the desert. The modern man, with more blunted sensibilities and less wisdom, seeks the same thing by avoiding the disagreeable and the depressing, the coarse and the repulsive, and by burying himself in some luxurious cave of his own making among the respectable and the "redeemed," according to the code of some social orthodoxy or conventional piety. None the less surely is he lost—lost to himself, to his family, to his age—in so far as he tries to withdraw from the lonely and struggling humanity to which he belongs.

This law holds for churches and for states as it does for the individual. The statement of Jesus is a law of the universe, true everywhere and to every form of life, "He that saveth his life shall lose it; he that loseth his life shall find it."

History is full of ecclesiastical ruins. Turn anywhere and you come upon the evidences of abandoned shrines that appeal with measureless pathos to the human heart; but, worse than this, we come upon dead shrines not abandoned, churches that are dead and they do not know it. They still affect a life they do not feel. These churches still have some automatic movement, some stirring of the extremities, the result, probably, of some reflex action, like the kicking of a dead frog upon the galvanic disturbance of the nerve centers. In common with all country boys, I believed that no matter what time of the day a snake was killed, its tail would continue to wriggle until after sundown. There is ecclesiastical life in the world now that belongs to the same type of activity as the motion of the snake's tail after the head is crushed. Life still manifests itself at the extremity because of the slow action of the low nervous system that has not yet telegraphed the news of the disaster to the head to the remote tail. There are churches that live without the inspirations and the sanctions of present vitality of conscious power. There is one diagnosis applicable to most of these cases. It may run thus: "Died, or dying from too much selfishness," "Dead from over self concern," "Dying from too much prosperity," "Paralyzed by its successes," "Stifled by its achievements," "Asphyxiated by the gas of respectability."

Several years ago Max Müller made the sweeping classification that divided the great religions of the world into the missionary and non-missionary religions, and showed that the missionary religions alone were the religions that live. The same may be shown

to be true in regard to the minor divisions of religion, the sects and churches. Churches, like everything else, die when they cease to be used. Let us be thankful that we live in a universe that dooms to extinction the drones and that crowds the lazy to the wall, whether such unprofitable life be expressed in the beggarly life of an individual, a church or a state.

It is useless to try to hold my sermon off at arm's length any longer. The home application is already working in your mind. Chicago has its full share of dead and dying churches. Preachers and church trustees are the first to hear of "hard times" and the last to hear of "prosperity." Show me, who can, a church that has died from too much usefulness, perished from disinterestedness, burned itself out in high service, in generous support of high causes.

But it is not necessary to discuss that which is beyond dispute. There is no place in the world for a church that is not an instrument of redemption, that is not committed to the world's advancement, that is not burdened with the sense of a gospel and that does not stand up and stand out against the dark line of mortal time, flashing its signal lights of eternal truth, of deathless realities for the guidance of storm-tossed mariners.

Last Sunday I spoke of "the inside work of the church." This is but a continuation of that sermon, the completion of that argument, the inevitable conclusion from the premises there stated. The inside life of the church ceases when it confines itself to its own inside problems. There is no inside work for a church that is not related to the outside wants of the world.

When this church of ours ceases to feel the currents of sympathetic life passing out of it to the remotest corners of human nature and passing into it from the most obscure throbbings of the human heart, we had better close up shop and go out of business Unless in these days of specialization and differentiation of tasks there is not left to us as a church some specific thing to do which no other organization is doing or can do as well; unless we can prove our right to be by being and doing something which the world would miss were we not, let us in the interest of humanity and to the comfort of the human soul get out of the way and cease to cumber the ground with an expensive corpse.

What is that something? It is dangerous to particularize, but there are certain principles which, if duly recognized, will make the particulars unnecessary. The Welsh have an adage which says that "the good workman needs no place in which to work, he will make himself a place."

First, then, in our readiness to help the world along, it is safe to say that the primary task of the church is to emphasize the imponderable realities, to recognize the supremacy of spirit, to increase the non-material wealth of the world. It is as true now as in the time of Jesus, it is eternally true that "man cannot live by bread alone." We believe that man has bodily needs and we have a concern for the hungry stomach and the naked back, particularly for the sick child and the poverty-stricken mother, but these needs are but secondary and incidental, while the materiality of the world is giving to them primal importance and special attention. And so it is for this church to take up the much neglected task of vitalizing spirit, of dealing in ideas, promulgating truths, establishing sympathies. What is the business of this church? It is to pass around that living water, drinking which leaves the soul no longer thirsty.

I come to you with my old plea, and perhaps with no fresh statement of it I plead for the charities of mind, I ask support for men and institutions that are engaged in the warfare of love, who deal not with carnal weapons, but with those mightier weapons wielded by Luther, by Paul and by Plato. I plead for those far-reaching charities which carry with them no blight and leave behind them no paupers. The Lord of the harvest is asking you what you are doing to inspire the discouraged, to renew the lagging faith of men and women and to revitalize the wasted and wasting spirit.

Tourkeniff tells us of a beggar with blear eyes, holding out his chilled and palsied hand for dole. His tattered wretchedness appealed to the prosperous man in his hurry, but, to his consternation, he found on searching that there was not a penny in his pocket at that moment; the wealthy man was ashamed, and, seizing the pauper's hand, said, "Excuse me, my friend, indeed I have nothing to give to-day." The wretched, ragged and battered fragment of humanity grew straight and his face grew light as he seized the unexpected hand and said, "Never mind, my brother, thank you for this—this, too, is a gift, brother." Let this interpret the mission of this church. The penny is no substitute for the hand. Bread is poor excuse for the encouraging word and life-giving truth. You cannot help your brother by bread alone or save your own soul by alms-giving.

It is for us to contribute to those forces that alone survive the generations, they endure the shock of time. The temples of Karnak, Jerusalem and Athens, beautiful and stately as they were, are broken ruins buried beneath the dust and debris of centuries. But the thought of our thoughts and the faith of our faiths, the very words we speak, are the abiding contributions of Egypt, Judea and Greece. Let us invest in the intangible, build up the imponderable realities, renew men's faith in ideas. Let us propagate brains and engage in the propaganda of love and justice in the world. We will believe in spirit more than in matter, in truths more than in institutions, in words more than in things, in men and women more than in brick and mortar or than in bread, potatoes and coal; for, given the former, all the latter will be added thereto.

In the second place, it is the business of the church to espouse the weak things of the world. It is for the church not only to plant the seed, but to foster the seedling. There are plenty of money, men and women and organizations for the things that are triumphant, while in the religious world, at least, the great work is always done before the days of outward strength come. It is a curious anomaly which no scholar will deny that religious institutions are most efficient in their youth, most potent when despised, most spiritual when friendless, strongest in the days of their unpopularity. The Christ is ever manger born. The great days of Judaism were the days of the wandering, the exile and persecution. Scholars are beginning to realize that the great spiritual workshops of Judaism were not in Jerusalem but in Babylon and in Alexandria, whither the faithful were driven. There was a time when Buddhism was the possession of a beggar band and Christianity was entrusted to a group of fishermen. There was a time when Protestantism was the scorn of Europe, when Puritanism and republicanism, so far as America was concerned at least, were afloat in the Speedwell and the Mayflower. The Speedwell was too leaky to make the trip, but the Mayflower somehow got across. If you want to put your money where it will do the most good put it at the service of human sympathies. If you would translate your accumulations into greatest potencies, support these manger movements of our day, stand by the things that do not pay, invest in causes that have no collaterals to guarantee your investments. If this church would serve the future let it go into partnership with the unlucky and the unpopular.

When the great Alexander lay on his dying bed he was asked to whom would he bequeath his kingdom. He said, "To the strongest." These were his last words. But Perdikkas, to whom he had left his signet

ring, and to whom the authority was transferred, fell within two years before the lesser ruler of Egypt, and he went down before the still lesser throne at Syria, and it again went down in due time, but the insignificant band of Jews survived to this day. The light that was kindled on the banks of the great Nile and the warlike Orontes, paled in the presence of the rush light that always flickered, but never went out on the banks of the Jordan. If you want to be sure you are making a safe investment, invest in the weak, believe in the unpopular, stand with the minority, enter into the inspirations of God that reveal themselves in the weakness of youth, the elasticity of the growing life. The oyster in its maturity is shell imprisoned. He carries upon his back an unyielding and fatal mantle of lime. But even the oyster is lively in its youth; it is an energetic and hopeful youngster, and his age is made disappointing by his prosperity.

If we would be missionaries of the spirit we must stand in with it when it manifests itself in prophetic youth. We must believe in Christianity before it is encrusted in cumbersome institutions, when it is not shell-bound and lime-encased.

In religion at least, he who makes no experiments takes no chances, indulges in no risks in his day and generation, and who exacts results, will never make any investments. He will receive meager returns and will see few results.

Call the roll of the men you now most honor, post your spiritual account books and find where your greater debts are and you will find the names of those reckless investors who "cast their bread upon the waters," who burned their candle at both ends if you like the figure; you will have made a list of those who made themselves poor, who wore the mantle of shame, who were hooted, who "failed." You will have no trouble in making out the list. You know them; all the children know them; if you go back far enough, Servetus, Giordano Bruno and Abraham Lincoln, John Brown, Theodore Parker and Socrates, Savonarola, Paul and the most maginficent failure in human history, Jesus, the carpenter's son.

This, then, is my morning appeal. I appeal for the extended life of this church; I beg of you this morning to renew your interest in that which is outside of yourselves. I urge that the primal business of our church should be to care for those forces that represent the intangible wealth of the world, the power of mind, the potencies of the spirit. Those causes need us most that are least recognized. The post of honor in God's army is the post of responsibility and of danger. Let us stand in with the pickets and escape the corruption that visits the indolent reserve, the aimless standing army, rotting within their intrechments. I plead with you on behalf of that minority to which God belongs, that prophetic work which is unpopular. Herein lies one of the distinctive characteristics of the prophet—he is the man who stands ahead of the line and against the crowd. When the line catches up he has either ceased to be a prophet or he has carried the banners of God further on and is still in the lead.

Do you ask, "What do you want of us?" "Where shall we give?" and "How shall we apply these principles?"

Friends, I realize that these two sermons, in so far as they have been clear, have brought us to the fine perplexity in religion to-day, the high paradox of the living church. It has been easy in this world to secure enthusiasm without breadth. In these days it is not difficult to secure breadth without enthusiasm, but that is the rarest and highest product of the spiritual laboratory that successfully combines breadth and enthusiasm, open sympathies, benignant toleration, the aggressive energy and the martial spirit that beats the drums of progress and carries forward the flags of God. Oh, it is heart-breaking to see ignorance consecrated and intelligence indifferent, to find dogmatism wedded with devotion, and, alas, too often intelligence committed to distrust or cynicism. Must spiritual warfare always be conditioned like the material? I know the bullet never speeds on its way until it is confined. But spirit should grow strong by radiation. How much easier it is to be a partisan, believing that the well-being of the nation is identical with the prosperity of our party, than to be a patriot; how much easier it is to be a patriot than a cosmopolitan, and yet the world needs patriots more than partisans, and humane sympathies are higher than patriotism. Oh, how much we need that breadth that sees virtue, promise and truth in the party not our own and in the nation that waves an alien flag.

Friends, All Souls Church stands to-day at the storm center of this paradox. We are challenged by the dual and apparently contradictory forces. Can we be liberal and earnest? Can we be free and generous? Can we keep the open mind and still have the earnest heart, the executive will, the self-denying spirit? In short, can we rest in the thought of the infinite justice and truth in such a way that we may find our commission to go into the battle against injustice, to rise and move forward in the interest of the unattained and the unrecognized truth?

Can we justify our place in this city of Chicago by living as Chicago must in the interest of the great commonwealth of Illinois, as a metropolis of this great country of the United States, as a beacon light to the world? As we value our life let us give it! Give it!! Give it!!! Give it in the interest of spirit. Give it to the hopeless tasks! Give it to the earthly impossibilities! For they alone represent the permanent possibilities of God. Let not the waiting, hungry, lonely world rise up before us and say, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was naked and ye clothed me not." In the face of this challenge no excuse in the way of preoccupation, worldly prudence or business sagacity will shield us from that divine standard which says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones ye have done it unto me." Aye, only as ye have done it unto the little ones, the lonely ones, the neglected ones, can "ye do it unto me."

Æons Ago.

Æons ago a rock crashed down
From a mountain's crown,
Where a tempest's tread
Crumbled it from its hold.
Ages dawn and in turn grow old:
The rock itself lies still and dead,
Flames come and floods come,
Sea rolls this mountain crumb
To a pebble, in its play,
Till at last the man came to be,
And a thousand generations passed away.
Then from the bed of a brook one day
A boy with the heart of a king
Fitted the stone to his shepherd sling,
And a giant fell and a royal race was free.
Not out of any cloud or sky
Will thy good come to prayer or cry.
Let the great forces, wise of old,
Have their whole way with thee,
Crumble thy heart from its hold,
Drown thy life in the sea.
And æons hence, some day,
The love thou gavest a child,
The dream in a midnight wild,
The word thou wouldst not say—
Or in a whisper no one dared to hear,
Shall gladden the earth and bring the golden year.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here
We could not fly to Thee.
MON.—For trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love.
TUES.—Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
WED.—You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
THURS.—So hope shall steal away the trace which sorrow leaves behind.
FRI.—Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all Heavenly virtues shoot.
SAT.—Darkness shows us worlds of light
We could not see by day.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Life.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is life!

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

Jack's Lesson.

"So," said Dr. Dove, bringing his hand down on Jack Burnet's shoulder—"so you've been frightening your mother ill! Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

"I'm very sorry, doctor," said Jack, "but mothers are so scary. I wasn't hurt. If she'd a-stopped a minute she'd have seen me pick myself up. You see, the brewer's wagon turned the corner just as the expressman whacked at us fellows that were up behind. We jumped off, and"——

"And if the driver of the brewer's horses had not had strong arms, and the horses more sense than most boys, you'd have been a case for the coroner," said the doctor.

"I wasn't hurt," Jack said, laughing; "but mother happened to see it from the window, and fainted."

There was a pause, then Dr. Dove said, "Jack, would you like to ride out with me to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, doctor," cried Jack.

"Be ready when I call, then, at two," said Dr. Dove.

You may be sure Jack was ready for a ride behind that pretty brown horse, and it was delightful for him to go flying along the street and down the avenue. They never stopped until they came to a large brick house. The doctor took Jack by the hand; and they went softly along the hall, and upstairs to a long room, full of little white beds. There was a child in each bed; and three nurses, with white caps and aprons, were walking about. At some beds the doctor paused, gave directions to the nurse, and passed on. At last he said to Jack:

"You may speak to this little fellow. Tom, I have brought a young friend to see you."

Two great hollow eyes turned Jack's way.

"How do you do?" asked a weak voice.

"I am well, thank you," said Jack. "I'm sorry you are sick."

"I've been sick a great while," said Tom. "I'm going to get well now, doctor says; but I've had lots of pain, and I guess I nearly died. It's my own fault, though. If I'd minded ma I'd never been here at all. She told me never to hang on the ice wagon, but I did; and the trolley car ran into it. It's months ago, and I have had time to think about it."

"You won't do it again, will you, Tom?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir," said Tom. The doctor laid an orange on the quilt. Tom said, "Thank you!" And Jack said, "I hope you will be well soon."

Then they walked on till they came to a bed where a boy lay asleep. A big workman, in his Sunday clothes, was rising to go from a chair near the cot. The doctor shook hands with him.

"It makes a baby of me, doctor," said the man. "Little Pat is our darlin' an', barrin' he wouldn't obey ordhers, the best boy iver you saw. But the wife could not kape him from the edge of the roof. It's siven stories high, an' over he wint one day. There's a bit of hope, isn't there?"

"While there's life, there's hope," said the doctor. The man nodded sadly, and went home.

"He may live for years, Jack," said the doctor; "but he will never be able to stand or even sit up or even to feed himself. He will never be anything but a burden to his poor parents. But he knew better than his mother, you see, and was quite sure it was safe to play on the roof."

Jack looked solemn. Slowly they walked through the ward. Some of the children were playing with toys or looking at the pictures, but others were crying or moaning in pain. In a corner a nurse was supporting a woman who had fainted.

"It came on me sudden," she told the doctor—"the news that my boy had his leg off."

"To save his life," said the doctor, quietly.

"I'm afraid life won't be much use to him now," said the poor woman, weeping. "Oh, the times I told him never to go into the old house they're tearing down; but he took no heed of my words, and, when the wall fell, he was under it! If he had only obeyed me!"

There was a cot near the door, from which a cry of pain came. The doctor looked grave when he came from it.

"That little boy's father told him never to touch his pistol," he said to Jack; "but he did, and shot himself. He is going to die."

Jack turned red. He remembered another boy who had been told not to touch his father's pistol, and who had disobeyed. He was glad when the doctor turned away. Over the door through which they passed was written, "Children's Accident Ward." Jack read it aloud.

"That's what we call it, Jack," said the doctor; "but I believe it ought to be 'Ward for Boys who know better than their Mothers.'" Jack blushed again. He was very thoughtful as they drove home; and his mother has since told Dr. Dove that he obeys her now.—*Exchange.*

Kind Words and Deeds.

Kind words are wonderful little seeds
That blossom into beautiful deeds.
Kind deeds shine brighter than any star
That pierces the heavenly blue so far.
Both are more precious, little boy and girl,
Than any diamond, ruby or pearl.
So with such seeds fill your garden fair,
That lovely flowers may blossom there.

—*Annie Skinner, in Child Garden.*

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasure takes joy, even as though it were his own.—*Blackie.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The True Life.—This is the title of a weekly projected by the Brotherhood Company of Toledo, Ohio. As might be expeced, the humanitarian, Samuel M. Jones, mayor of the city, is one of the leading directors in this company. Joseph Asbury Johnson is editor. The proposed character of the paper is sufficiently indicated by the foregoing title and personality.

Lectures.—Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker of Ann Arbor announces the following topics upon which she is prepared to lecture before clubs, schools and other educational organizations.

I. The Ministry of the Beautiful to the Masses. II. Educational Values. III. The Child. IV. The New Philanthropy. V. Ethics of Political Equality.

Greenacre.—Mr. Charles Malloy was one of the attractions at this summer meeting. His course of lectures on "Emerson's Relation to Oriental Thought," proved that it takes a prophet to interpret a prophet. Mr. Malloy, in his loving study of Emerson, has developed an Emersonian power quite his own. He is a man to look for and to listen to. Our friend, Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, was also a welcome teacher at these meetings. The "Boston Transcript" gives interesting glimpses of his lecture on "Ecclesiastes, or, The Philosopher as a Critic." Dr. Janes, who is the chairman of the local committee of the Boston Congress, whose name appears on the front page of UNITY this week, spoke so wisely of the missionary that we have given him a portion of our editorial space this week.

Universalist.—The general convention of this body meets in Boston, October 20-25. It is to be preceded by a ministers' meeting, which begins on the 18th. The problems supposed to be the peculiar concern of the minister are: "How may the ministers of the Universalist Church be of the most service to each other?" "The local church in its relation to the general church;" "Some of our mistakes and how to correct them;" "The immediate opportunity and the immediate duty." The laity may well wait anxiously for light on these subjects. On Thursday evening the Universalist Club will entertain and the governor of Massachusetts and Rev. George A. Gordon of the Congregational Church will be the speakers. The convention proper organizes Saturday morning, with Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson of Chicago in the chair. Dr. A. J. Canfield, recently of Chicago, will preach the convention sermon Sunday afternoon. Monday evening will be an interdenominational night. On Wednesday morning "The needs of the West" will be considered by Mr. Johannot of Oak Park, and Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker of Ann Arbor. The preliminary bulletin announces "that there are one thousand organized Universalist church or societies in the United States and Canada, which represent some fifty thousand families, six hundred and forty-five Sunday-schools, with fifty-two thousand teachers and pupils. There are seven hundred and fifty-eight Universalist clergymen. Nearly half the Universalists of the land live in New England." It is further claimed that the Universalist Church is essentially an American church. "There are in Europe a number of preachers who declare the distinguishing sentiment, but they belong to other churches." The church was founded one hundred and twenty-nine years ago in the month of September, by John Murray, washed ashore by stress of weather on the New Jersey Coast. The first regular parish was organized at Gloucester, Mass. This convention will have another season over "Professions of Faith." The so-called "Chicago declaration" will come up for consideration and reaffirmation.

From Unity's Mail Bag.

A voice from Alabama: "I write to tell you out of my sorrow that it is not possible for us to afford UNITY further. My share for the year past in the bread of life that UNITY distributes was a gift from a friend. I cannot express my deep regret at the loss, for the inspiration brought us (my mother and myself) from week to week cannot be told. We have allowed the paper to come until the close of the course of lectures on The English Bible, but now it must cease, though it has been as 'a rock in a weary land.' We are quite alone in this community, and I am sure you could not help being glad if you could know the genuine blessing UNITY has been to us."

From one of the leading librarians of the country: "I take pleasure in inclosing a dollar to replace one of those you have lost in standing up for the right on the Philippine war question. If I find that UNITY gives sufficient emphasis to your view that 'religion must express itself more in terms of sociology than in terms of theology; that ethics must grow more and more corporate and civic,' I shall probably at the end of the year be glad to remit the regular subscription price for another year. I do not care a cent for the religion that looks only to another world. Christ taught us to pray not that we might go to heaven, but that God's kingdom might come on earth; and it is only the religion which seeks to realize this highest aspiration that I have any use for. I have just cut down my annual church subscription to one-half, in order that I may give the money to various sociological movements that aim to improve the present social organization, which is the cause of nine-tenths of the vice and crime, poverty, suffering and irreligion that exists in the world. I rejoice that you are giving the great influence of your voice and pen to these sociological questions, which embody the essence of Christ's teachings."

From a Kansas Lawyer: "I am an old reader of UNITY. * * * I fully appreciate the position you have taken in relation to the questions that have arisen over our Spanish war. Ever since the agitation in Congress preceding the declaration of war with Spain I, in connection with many others, thought there was unnecessary haste in declaring war. After the war was over we thought the declaration ought to be carried out in good faith, and the Cubans, as well as the Filipinos, be permitted to establish their own government. The Philippine war was neither the logical outcome of the victory of Admiral Dewey or our assistance in capturing Manila. We ought to have had the moral courage to make the declaration of Congress in respect to our intention to the Cubans apply as well to the Filipinos, and honesty and fair dealing required the government to carry out the declaration of Congress promptly and explicitly. In this way we would not only have retained the confidence, esteem and good-will of all these people, but also have retained the honor and self-respect of our own government in the eyes of the rest of the world. Now we have lost the friendship of those we sought to aid, and the confidence of the lovers of liberty the world over. I am in full accord with your views on the Philippine war and on the whole question of imperialism. If there is a rule of conduct demanding something higher than wanton aggression in individuals, the same standard of conduct and motive ought equally to apply to an association of individuals acting in the capacity of a government. Our leaders ought to be of sufficient moral standing and courage to carry out these higher convictions of the people and not pander to the commercial spirit now so rampant and destructive of our better nature. I hope you will hold steadfastly upon the course you have entered upon, and whatever of cheer and aid I can give you, I will do so cheerfully and gladly."

From a Montana Letter: "I inclose draft to renew my subscription to UNITY. The attitude and aim of UNITY toward truth in all directions is the ideal tone. If UNITY'S aspirations were to some point lower than the highest, it would cease to be the inspiration it is to many in out-of-the-way places. Keep her nose where you have her and don't let her wobble."

From a Canada subscriber: "I very much regret my delay in remittance, for UNITY is such a comfort and help to me I do not wish to slight it. I wish I could do more for it. I am going to look for at least one more subscriber."

Books Received.

Babylonians and Assyrians, Life and Customs. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York. $1.25., pp. 266.

The Holy Family. A Christmas Meditation. By Amory H. Bradford. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. Cloth, 50 cents, pp. 54.

Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian. By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York, pp. 425.

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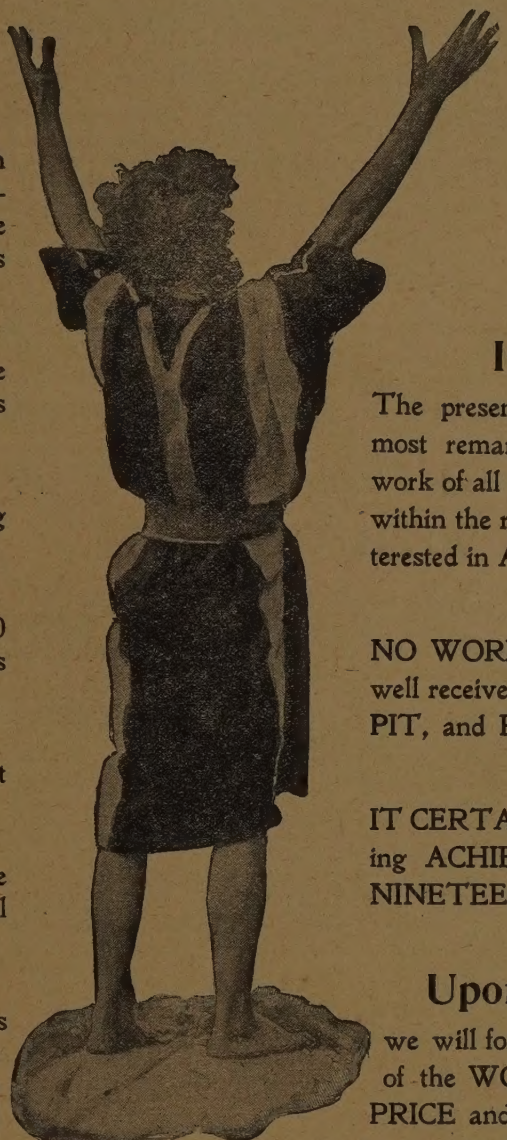

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They accept large scientific views of life, its origin and fulfillment.—*The American Hebrew.*

Eminently practical for life's duties.—*Boston Transcript.*

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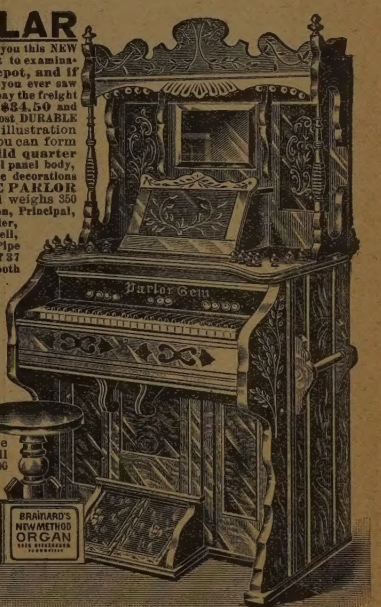

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